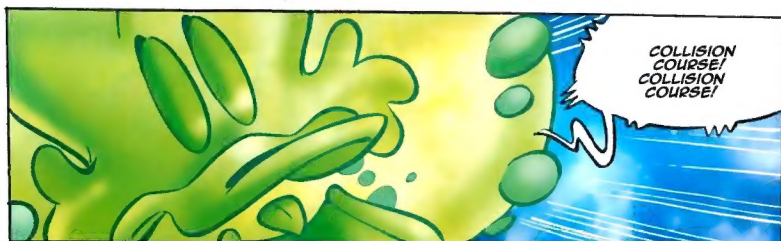


PLEASE ACCEPT THIS KIND GIFT...

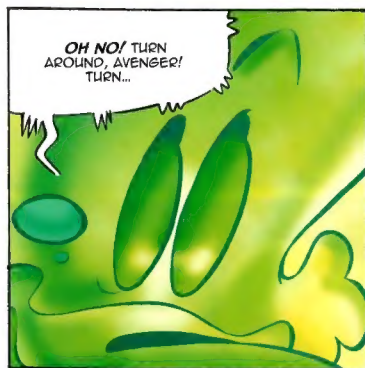




LOOK OUT!
THREE MORE
INCOMING!



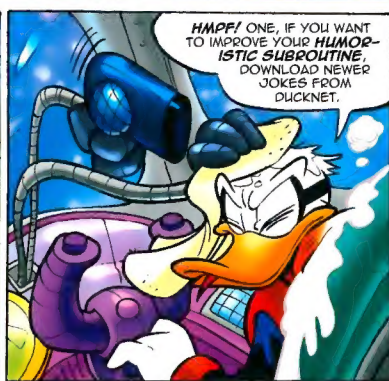
SOB! ONE OUT OF
TWELVE... MY RESCUE
AVERAGE HAS GONE
DOWN!



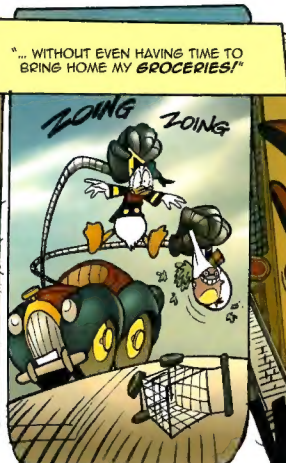
OH NO! TURN
AROUND, AVENGER!
TURN...

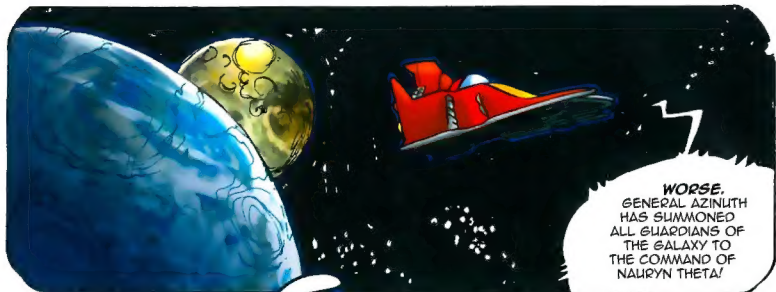


WELL, DO YOU SEE WHAT
HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO
CROSS THE MILKY WAY
TOO FAST?



HMPF! ONE, IF YOU WANT
TO IMPROVE YOUR HUMOR-
ISTIC SUBROUTINE
DOWNLOAD NEWER
JOKES FROM
DUCKNET.





WORSE.
GENERAL AZINLUTH
HAS SUMMONED
ALL GUARDIANS OF
THE GALAXY TO
THE COMMAND OF
NAURYN THETA!



SRUNT! LIKE UNCLE
SCROOGE'S URGENT
CALLS WEREN'T
ENOUGH!

BY THE
WAY, NOT
TO BE
FUSSY...



... BUT THIS ISN'T THE
ROUTE FOR NAURYN
THETA, MY DEAR
KNOW-IT-ALL SUPER-
COMPUTER!



INDEED, AS I AM A
"KNOW-IT-ALL", I'M NOT
BRINGING YOU THERE
STRAIGHTAWAY.



FIRST
WE'RE MAKING
A DETOUR TO THE
SPACEPORT OF
MERCANDAX.

WHY'S
THAT?

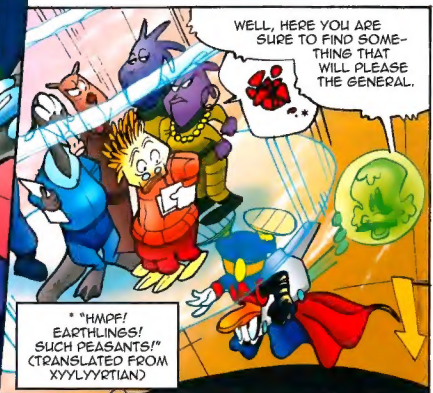


IT IS
TRADITION TO
BRING THE GENERAL
A **TRIBUTE** WHEN
MEETING HIM IN
PERSON FOR THE
FIRST TIME.



BY GIVING AZINUTH SOMETHING
ACCEPTABLE, HE'LL HOLD YOU
IN HIGH REGARD.

HE HE! JUST
LIKE WHEN I BROUGHT
THE TEACHER AN APPLE
WHEN I WAS A KID!



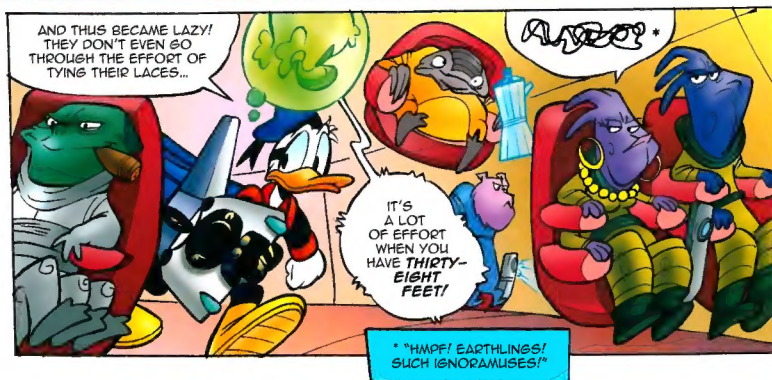
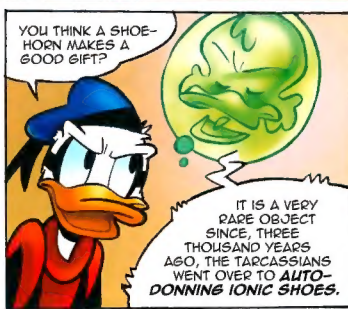
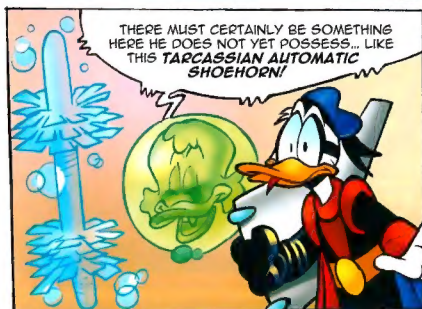
WELL, HERE YOU ARE
SURE TO FIND SOME-
THING THAT
WILL PLEASE
THE GENERAL.

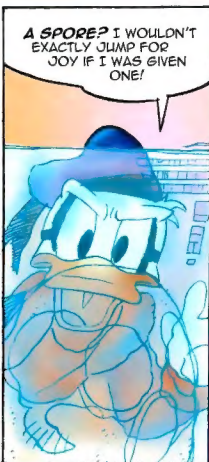
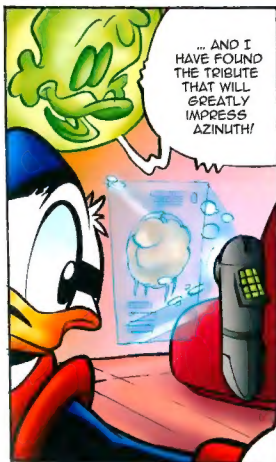
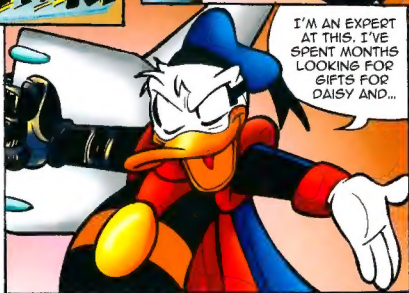
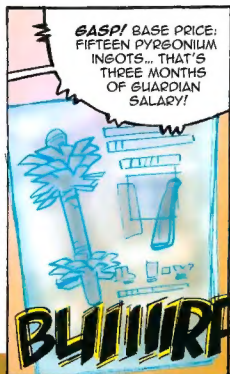
* "HAPPI!
EARTHLINGS!
SUCH PEASANTS!"
(TRANSLATED FROM
XYLYYRTIAN)



THIS IS THE KUSEELEEKELLY AUCTION,
THE BIGGEST SALE OF
ALIEN OBJECTS OF
THE GALAXY!

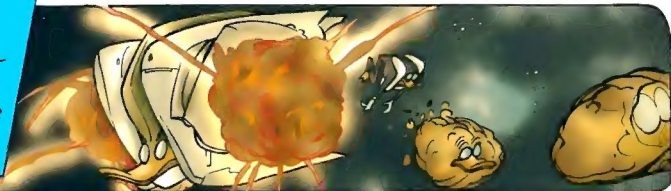
BONK







"WHEN
IN MORTAL
DANGER,
THE EVYRONIANS
REBRESS TO
SPORES IN ORDER
TO SURVIVE EVEN
IN THE VACUUM
OF SPACE..."



"THE GUARDIAN
SCIENTISTS HAVE
STUDIED THE
PHENOMENON
FOR DECADES,
BUT HAVE ONLY
ELABORATED
THEORIES WITH-
OUT A SPORE
TO ANALYZE..."



"YOU CAN
IMAGINE HOW
GRATEFUL
AZINUTH
WOULD BE
IF YOU
WERE TO
DELIVER
HIM ONE."



HEY, IT SAYS
HERE THAT THE
SPORE WAS
FOUND IN
ASTEROID
BELT 6-12...

"THAT'S
WHERE I
HAD MY
FINAL
SHOW-
DOWN
WITH
**GEN-
ERAL
ZON-
DAG!**"



"THIS SPORE MUST
BE OF ONE OF HIS
EVYRONIAN TROOPERS..."

AND YOU'LL NEVER GET
YOUR HANDS ON IT,
GUARDIAN!

RECOVER
THE SPORE!
DESTROY THE
REST!

YEEEK!

BRAAANG

DONE!

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY WITH IT!
I'LL FOLLOW YOU
ACROSS THE GALAXY
IF I HAVE TO!

* "HMPF!
EARTH-
LINGS!
SUCH
TROUBLE-
MAKERS!"

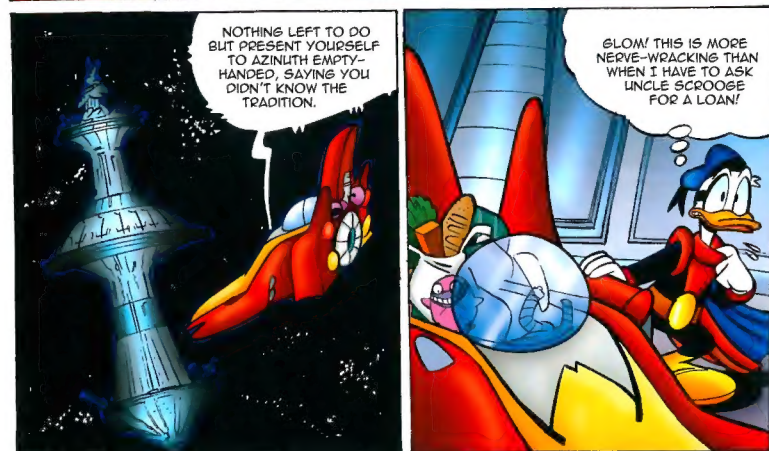
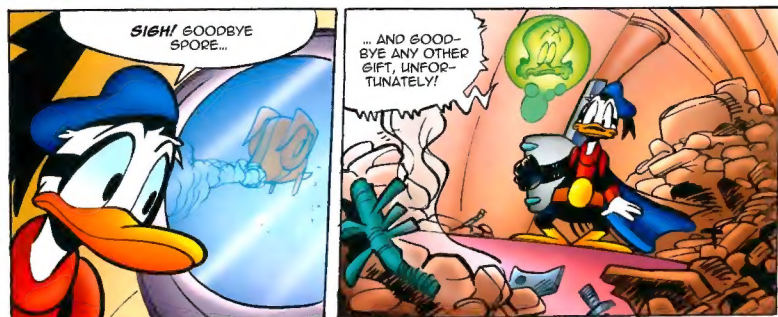
JUST FOLLOW US,
GUARDIAN!
THE CHOICE IS
YOURS!

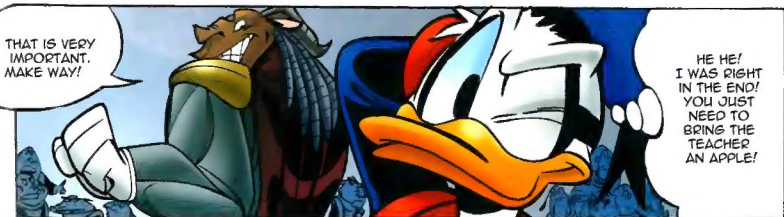
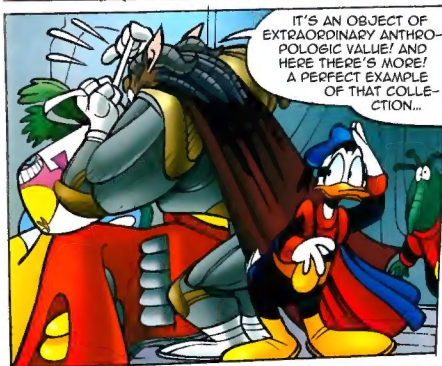
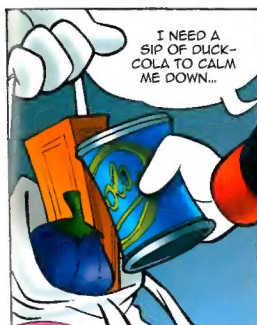
ZAAAAA!

RUMBLE

AAAH!

OH
NO!





EPILOGUE

GENERAL ZORGON,
WE HAVE RECOVERED
THE SPORE, AS YOU
HAD ORDERED.

THE ANALYSIS
CONFIRMS THAT WHAT
WE HAVE HERE IS
GENERAL ZONDAG.



"... AND
NOW GO!
ALL OF
YOU!"



"NOW I
HAVE THE
POWER!"



* FORBIDDEN
TO OPEN

FINE